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THE
FORTUNATE DEPARTURE;
AN 183
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HISTORICAL ACCOUNT
DRAMATISED,
AS BEST SUITED TO CONVEY AN IDEA
OF THE
HORRID EXCESSES
Committed by
THE FRENCH ARMY,
ON THEIR IRRUPTION INTO PORTUGAL;
AND THE
Fortunate Departure
OF THE
PRINCE REGENT AND FAMILY,
ON THE EVE OF THEIR ENTRANCE INTO LISBON.
WITH
An Address
TO THE PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN,
ON THEIR
RELATIVE AND COMPARITIVE SITUATION WITH THE CONTINENT:
And its possible Subjugation by
THAT SCOURGE OF HUMAN NATURE---BONAPARTE.

Written during some Months' Confinement in Lisbon, under the
Marauders of France,

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

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INTRODUCTION TO READERS.

GENTLES ;

THE labours of a professional author, and the temporary effusions of a man immerged in the toils of life and pursuits of business, are so widely different, that I feel a diffidence in awaking your attention to perusal. If your patience will last to the end, I have my aim ; for he shall not be the worst scribendum, who can hold the attention of his readers two whole hours.

I have long intended this for the public eye, but the changes and chances of war withheld it. I much fear, the knowledge of the scene having passed by, will be a drawback on its effect. Yet, when I see the same scenes re-acting in Oporto and threatening Lisbon, I hope my intention of arousing the public mind to a knowledge of its power, will, with all its demerits on its head, have the desired effect.

Professional reviewers, critics of publicity, diurnal reporters—remember the heavenly diction of Shakespear's divine Portia, and that

“ Mercy is like the dew of Heaven !”

TO THE
MANAGERS, EMPERADORS !!!

*The Great and Little Theatres of H. B. M.'s
Empire of Great Britain.*

GENTLEMEN ;

NOT having inclination, neither ability, from the bustle of war, to dangle attendance on your sublimities ! with this—the amusements of one, used to the brevity of villainous gunpowder,—I most respectfully inform you, should your opinions coincide with the audience of a salt-water theatre, under the limitations left with the publisher, this is at your service, and perhaps it may give some satisfaction on land.

My heart, as much as my vanity, gives it publicity, and I hope it may have some effect in the closet, if not on the stage, on my dear countrymen the

JOHN BULLS.

THE
AUTHOR'S ADDRESS
TO

The People of Great Britain.

‘ ‘Tis as easy as Lying :’

HAMLET.

THUS the finest writer the world ever produced
—similes, lying, as easy of execution.

I think I shall not find a disputant to dispute such a truth! But being a native of that proudly pre-eminent nation! that mirror for the world, Great Britain; and feeling the continuance of that unmixed blood which urged my progenitors to throw their bonnets in the air! and heartfelt hail the foundation of our blessed country’s godlike constitution; the author scorns to pass as facts, the fabrications of fancy, or the embellishments of falsehood, and fervently intreats his readers to keep in mind, that this dramatic story, the events of which the whole world are fully convinced of, is drawn, as near as dramatic effect will permit, to truth itself.

The episode of Eugenia, Belmont, and Juliana, (alone) are scenically altered. And much and many more equally affecting the parties, could have been added; and, if so inclined, a longer story could have been told,—all—all—*doleful misery!!* (to which the author was an eye-witness:); even Lobato, in name and station, *exists!* To the descriptive excesses of the French troops, he was a spectator, and to scenes, no British audience could sit to see, or hear repeated.

He has seen those very troops, ragged beyond suspicion, in a few weeks all finery, collected from shop to shop, with fixed bayonets! and telling the owners they came as friends to give them a constitution, to give them *liberty!*

No, Britons, no—the author has a nobler aim in view, than the constructing merely a drama. He wishes to open the eyes of his countrymen, if such there still exist, whose fervor of imagination outleads their sober examination, to whom the charms of liberty are so captivating as to blind their reason, and distort their judgment.

Fierce as the fiercest enthusiast, would the author's arm raise up the guarding sword, for sweet liberty—for *virtuous liberty!*—but not for prostitute liberty, not for the cannibal licence, called liberty, to deny the existence of a God! to repudiate the offspring of his body; not for the liberty to cast, an outcast, on the unfeeling world, the wife of his bosom, on the gust of the moment, the gust of an abandoned

passion, for one who soon, perhaps, shall follow the same fate. These are liberties in France ! These the tenets of the French goddess Liberty, whose gracious condescension (*à la courtesan*) adds the liberty to plunder, by fraud, peculation, and hellish devices, the toiling man, unpunished, unimprisoned ! violate your friend's wife ! debauch his daughters ! swindle his sons to ruin !—it is liberty, 'tis gallantry, 'tis the sublime refinement of philosophy, 'tis the delicate susceptibility, piety and virtue of the

Age of Reason !

Who would not damn the devil, being such a villain ? therefore down ! down with all. New-model the world, throw away religion, and with it every virtue, justice, humanity, filial duty, and affection, as monkish rubbish, the trappings of *Superstition*.

O my countrymen ! had you but seen what I have wept over, how would you exult in being Britons ! how enjoy the heavenly security with which you follow your avocations, your comforts, and delights ! how would you bless that constitution, whose provident care enables you to face, fearless, the proudest petty tyrant the curse of nature can produce amongst you ! —Away with your bugbear of calamities, you know not what it is to have a cause to complain : talk no more of your taxes, and their ponderous weight ; yours are feathers to lead, in comparison to the continental requisitions and conscriptions. Talk not of war ! you know it not ! your country is a paradise, enjoying an *Heavenly Peace* !

Reader, the author of these is not one of those romancing travellers, who amuse the world with fine stories of the wonderous and wonderful ; who, when they see a cabbage-garden from their carriage window, exclaim and write, what luxuriance ! what cultivation ! what a paradise ! how heavenly !—No ; he is a British merchant, whose greatest boast is commerce—pursuing it in an honorable way, through foreign climes, foreign governments, and foreign liberty. And every step he has taken, and every nation he has trafficked with, has best served to shew him, that the *poorest mechanic in England* is an emperor, is in a paradise, to what the Dutch, German, French, Spanish, Italian, or Portugueze manufacturers are, in either of their countries, though paradises called, and the grand emporiums of liberty.

Industrious mechanics, how will the joys of your Saturday nights be enhanced, by marking this ! (the writer's soul's worth on the truth)—that he has seen thousands of persons employed at various manufactures of silk, cotton, linen, hats, leather, &c. in all their ramifications, and which mechanics see only once a week miserably lean beef or mutton, if able then to purchase, to taste it !—who roast horse-beans and barley, to procure a representation of coffee for breakfast ;—who, four or five days in a week, dine off miserable black bread, a head of garlic, or an onion ; and should the season prove superabundant, perhaps an orange, or part of

a pumpkin. Tea, the female's precious comfort, only known on festivals. Their suppers as a feast,—a small piece of dried cod, boiled in a river of water, with seed, French beans, vinegar, and garlic, to make soup.

Countrymen, rejoice over your substantial porter; these poor mechanics have only water, or wine, that the poorest of you would scorn to drink,—wine so poor, so weak and sour, that it cannot be sold to the wine-merchant. One pint of porter equal to two bottles, yet these poor people pay three-pence a bottle for it, and that three-pence is equal to one shilling in England, according to their earnings.

And remember, these countries of liberty and citizenship, have no comfortable public-houses to quaff and smoke and settle the affairs of Europe in,—no newspapers for the declaiming orator to animadvert on,—no account of ministers to condemn. No, no; the very mention of politics is a crime—the calling in question the transactions of a minister, treason and imprisonment. This is liberty, this is *French fraternization*!

Judge, you, who possess shops and warehouses, what your opinion of liberty would be, when a troop of soldiers, with carts, came to your doors, and demanded what they pleased, at a price of their fixing; paying you with an order on the government at six months date, and that received half paper-money, at a discount of 25 to 50 per cent. or, more probably, never paid at all.

Know, you extremely oppressed country-gentlemen, who find a want of liberty in your paying a tax for your sporting, that, with French liberty, it is death to carry a fowling-piece;—that, to kill a partridge, is more heinous than killing your neighbour;—that, at a minute's notice, an edict is printed and posted, forbidding, on pain of death, your passing such a line of distance round your home; and the unhappy wretch, who ignorantly, or inadvertently breaks this edict, is hurried to a military trial, and military execution!

And you, happy proprietors of consols, on whom designing villany may endeavour to raise fears and despondency for the safety of your funded property! arouse from the imposition! The mighty emperor has doubly, has eternally, established your security! Nothing but the fiat of heaven can shake its foundation! Napoleon has made England the Bank of the world: he has poured, and is pouring, the riches of the universe into its bosom. He has transported the fabled goose, with her golden eggs, to Great Britain. Britons! unite, and live liberally—splendidly—your own home-consumption will for ever keep the tyrant from your doors alone.

Manufacturers! blaze up your bonfires. The invincible Napoleon has conquered himself, his eagle has tumbled down the Portuguese and Spanish monarchies in Europe, and transferred them to yourselves alone. The Brazils, Spanish America, the mines of the world, ope their mouths to you!

the crude material comes home direct ! Your goods to a direct market. All the natives that can leave Spain, or Portugal, will emigrate to those countries, and every hour increase the consumption and demand for your labours. Imperial above all others, your manufactures will ever find a *ready sale*.—While Europe remains to be governed by French liberty and fraternization, sans cotton, sans hides, sans tallow, sans dyeing woods, sans diamonds, gold, silver, coffee, tea, sugar, or tobacco, or the profits of manufacturing and working these in thousands of ways.

Therefore, my dear countrymen, all that now you want, is unanimity among yourselves ; and every man among you able to carry a musket, the knowledge how to use it—sacrifice a mite of what you possess, it is a straw to a bushel of corn ! And thus uniting, thus fierce in arms, while Europe groans beneath oppression, and sinks to ruin by emigration,—Great Britain will imperial rise the bank, the vital source, the soul of the universe !

TO

Sir Charles Cotton, Bart.

ADMIRAL COMMANDER IN CHIEF OFF LISBON.

HONORABLE SIR,

HAD I the fire of a Pindar, the melody of a Virgil, or the elegance of an Horace, I should fail in expressing the sensations of a Briton, when, fleeing from a vindictive enemy and the perils of the waves, he springs on board a British man of war, from a cockle-shell conveyance, through the portals of death, from the worst of all durance—a French prison !

How then, honorable Sir, must I shrink at the attempt to describe my feelings, my thanks, when, after counting seven renewing moons, with guled eyes,—stript by the uncommon mode of war,—pursued by the common enemy of mankind, the accursed French!—separated from the consolation of my family, and trebly daring death in the attempt,—I sprang from a miserable boat, on board the Hibernia! the pride of Great Britain! the terror of the world! and found her commanded by a British Baronet, who still holds the Barons' noble usage; whose hospitality, whose affability, precludes the applicant's

appeal, supporting true dignity with ancient liberality, and pouring balsam on the wounds of the afflicted.

No language, honorable Sir, can express my gratitude for your distinguished attention to me ; flattery I detest, and I am sure you despise it. Heaven, and your own heart, can only return the kindness. And you have so emboldened me, by heaped favors, that my presuming hope relies on your pardon for the presumption of putting your honorable name on the same page with mine ; it is an honor, were the work equal, would stamp a dignity on it to the end of time : and all my hopes are, that as it is an attempt to shew the world, and particularly our countrymen, what Frenchmen are,—and being in defence of virtue and religion,---you will not be offended past forgiveness, by, honorable Sir, one who gratefully prays Heaven's choicest blessings on you and your family ; all health, all honor, all happiness, and its long continuance, when the charge of war shall give way to the symphony of peace, and you return to enjoy your ancestors' mansion of bliss : —the thoughts of which, is happiness to,

Honorable Sir,

Your obedient

humble Servant,

THOMAS WILSON.

Lisbon, September, 1808.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN first the Drama raised its mimic school,
And bent its force our passions wild to rule ;
With wine-gory face, and frantic passion'd fire,
Thespis assail'd, to rouse his country's ire
Against the monster, who dare tyrant try,
With impious hand, to touch their liberty ;
High mounted in his car, with music join'd
The clanging chorus,—rais'd the public mind,—
Rous'd them to virtue, and its golden ways,—
And mingling pleasures, pour'd instructive lays.
The spark, once struck on classic ground, caught fire,
And taught succeeding bards for bays t' aspire :
Beauties on beauties were by science graft ;
Melpomene loud rav'd, or Thalia laugh'd ;
Succeeding ages brought their Poets forth ;
Until pure Nature, in this Isle gave birth,
When gayly springing from his woodlands wild,
Immortal Shakespear prov'd his mother's child ;
Through all her mazes and intricate ways,
By instinct fir'd, he piped his dulcet lays ;
Taught mankind how to be sublimely blest,
By guarding virtue in an honest breast,
To nobly live ! or nobly learn to die !
Guarding our country's rights, our liberty !
O for a dip of his impassion'd gall,
To rouse to arms, united Britons all ;

To see the champions form th' extended line,
While their bright arms with dazzling lustre shine ;
To hear the spirit-stirring fife and drum
Loud play : where danger calls, we Britons come,
While the deep phalanx, led by martial sound,
With bellowing Bellona, shakes the ground,
Hurling defiance to every wild design,
Britons' dear liberties to undermine ;
While martial glory urges all to sing !
In concord ! to the skies—God save our King !

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRINCE REGENT of Portugal ; pious and humane.

PRINCE PEDRO, } his eldest Sons.
PRINCE MIGUEL, }

BISHOP of ELVAS, Patriot.

DON ALMEIDA, Ex-Prime Minister ; Patriot.

BELMONT, his Secretary, an Englishman.

DON ARANJA, Prime Minister, } bribed by the French to
DON ANADIA, Ditto, } dethrone the Prince.

BRAMCAMP, a Contractor who has purchased a Title.

CAPTAIN O'NEIL, an Irish Adventurer.

LEGORE, French General.

LOBATO, Prince Regent's Jester.

PORTUGUESE OFFICER.

OBENTO, } Door-keepers to the Prince's Council.
CAETANO, }

FRANCISCO, Servant to Belmont.

SWARTZ, Hanoverian Soldier in the French Service.

PRINCESS CARLOTA, Princess Regent ; affectionate Wife.

DONNA BELLAS, } Ladies of the Bed-chamber.
DONNA REDONDA, }

GERTRUDA, }
INNOCENCIA, } Maids of Honor.
THERESA, }
SELINA,

EUGENIA, Daughter of Bramcamp, in love with Belmont.

JULIANA, Noble Lady, betrothed to Marquis Valencia.

MARGARIDA, Eugenia's Attendant.

Number of French Officers, Soldiers, Attendants,
Servants, &c.

History — from Matter of Fact.

Scene—in Lisbon, and adjacent.

THE
FORTUNATE DEPARTURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*Anti-room to the PRINCE's Council then sitting—
OBENTO in waiting—Twelve at night.*

OBENTO (in an arm-chair, dozing, awakes and rises.)

Ah me! the infirmities of age, and oppression of grief, have bowed me into sleep.

[*Looks at his watch.—Knocking at the door; Obento opens it.*

Enter CAETANO.

Caetano. Pardon me, sir, the fatigue of this continual watching has shut my eyes beyond my hour, while you much more need the balmy blessing than myself.

Obento. O Caetano! thirty full years have I bore the toil, and never until now felt a pain: if my duty called, my mind, at ease, joyfully attended; but now, when my country, when the support of my fast declining life, when my dear beloved Prince stands on

the pinnacle of destruction, my old blood curdles in its course, and bursts from my aged temples in briny floods.

Caetano. Good Obento, that Power, whose omnipotent finger directs for all our good, will this night, I hope, direct these agitated councils, and close these scenes of bitter suspense.

Obento. Would to heaven it were so! but my fears forebode my country's ruin.

Caetano. Gracious heaven avert it! Good Obento, away to rest, I now will watch until morning.

Enter ATTENDANT.

At. The Bishop of Elvas comes to the council.

[*Exit Attendant.*

Enter BISHOP of ELVAS, (they bow respectfully.)

Bish. Good Obento, heaven's blessing on your age, you still are true to your Prince, I see.

Obento. Heaven return its blessings ever on your Excellency, would to God I had an arm to defend him from the savage plunderers that threaten his destruction.

Bish. These are dreadful times indeed; how long has the council been sitting?

Caetano. Your Excellency, off and on, near twenty-four hours.

Bish. Seem they much divided?

Caetano. Sometimes not a murmur,—a solemn melancholy, as at the approach of night,—an awful silence; again the fiery spirits of Don Aranja, of Don Anadea, burst forth, and blow a storm that threatens every danger.

Bish. How bears the Prince these tumults?

Caetano. With a saint-like patience, and much he needs it, for he scarcely meets his accus-

tomed respect; and when he leaves the council, an hurricane ensues, and oft' I think they will end the argument in blood.

Bish. O! my dear Prince! Obento, when the Princess is stirring, let her be informed I attend the council and her commands. (*Piously*)—O God! of thy infinite mercy, protect my country, my Prince, and thy holy altars!

Obento. } Amen! Amen!
Caetano. }

Enter ALMEIDA, from the Council, (agitated.)

Alm. Caetano, pray order my carriage, I can no longer bear it.

Bish. (approaches.) Your Excellency's obedient servant; pray, what is amiss?

Alm. (passionately.) Much! very much! good Elvas, pardon me, my country's wrongs urge with double force my fevered blood. An amiable, a beloved Prince, too mild, too generous, dreading to shed a drop of human blood, surrounded by a murderous band, that glow with longing ardour to spill his, and rob him of his kingdom, with his life.

Bish. Can such monsters be in our dear Prince's council?

Alm. Yes, men who have sacrificed their honor, their fortunes, in dissipation, now grown desperate, like cannibal gamblers, would throw for blood.

Bish. Can reason, can religion, have no effect on them?

Alm. None, on men who are selling their Prince, their country, to a treacherous, insulting, plundering enemy.

Bish. Heaven thwart their purpose.

Alm. Alone from thence our hope, for now,

bare-faced treason, arrogant beggary, with dagger and cap, gape for insurrection,—nothing to lose ! any way they'll gain ! And pillage, desolation and murder, to them would be a banquet ; wretches ! avowed pensioners to an insulting tyrant, bartering for their birthrights. Almighty God, pour blisters on them !

Bish. Be cool, Almeida, favor me with the time for consultation ; remember, a good christian should fight to the last, for his prince, his country, and religion.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Stormy night—Inside of a Barn ; two Horses feeding ; a small Lamp burning—FRANCISCO peeping through a crevice—A Sportsman whistles.

Fran. 'Tis he, 'tis he !—(*runs and opens the door.*)

Enter BELMONT, (in a Shooting Dress, with Fowling-piece and Dog ; the Dog's leg bound up.)

Belm. Well, Francisco, is all safe, are the horses ready ?

Fran. Yes, sir, yes, all safe, saw not a soul,—lor ! I'm so glad yo've come back : dear me, poor Bobolo's lamed.

Belm. Ah ! Francisco, his wound was intended for me.

Fran. Dear me, was it, how was that ?

Belm. On the highest ground beyond Abrantes, the sun just setting, trying to see the numbers of the

approaching enemy, the foremost party fired three muskets at me; fortunately they missed me, but wounded Bobbolo.

Fran. O the brutes!

Belm. More than savages—make ready for your return to Lisbon—take out my beggar’s dress, (*pulls off his jacket*) fold that up, and take the luggage with you.

Fran. Yes, sir! yes, sir! [Goes to the luggage.

Belm. (*Pulls out his ink-horn and paper, lays on the floor, and writes on the crown of his hat; rises, folds and seals the letter.*) Now, Francisco! to horse and away, when you arrive at the Palace, shew this signal to Diogo (*gives him a signal*), that you may deliver, yourself, this letter, into the hands of Don Almeida himself; go with all possible speed: be dumb to every one, for your life.

Fran. Yes, sir, yes, I’ll fully obey all your commands. (*He takes a horse and leads him out.*)

[Exit Francisco.

Belm. Adieu, haste on. Now for my begging face.—(*He puts on old spatterdashes over his boots, old patched breeches over his pantaloons, old ragged jacket, and grey wig and beard, with tattered cloak, and old guitar.*)—Now, Bobbolo, as you are a beggar’s dog, there is a beggar’s benizon, a crust, (*gives the dog a crust.*)

[*A loud shout, and confused noise of a rabble approaching.*

Belm. O God! the accursed plunderers press rapidly on, and seem less or more than human; devils themselves would flinch at such a storm, yet the pouring torrent, the mountain-shaking peal, and the fierce flash that threatens eternal night, mars not their progress; my heart bleeds to think where this will end, and how many thousands it will end. O!

gory horrid war, mountains might be made of the untimely slaughtered human bones. New worlds, peopled with weeping widows, and unfathered young ! and for what ? for gold, dominion, and ambition, which, overheaped, makes its possessor a monster. (*Listens*)—They are passed, come, poor Bobbolo. [Exit with dog.]

SCENE III.

A poor Village—Dark—Noise of approaching Troops.—Enter irregularly, French Troops, some with torches, some smoking, singing, and noisy.

French Serj. Come on, my boys, here's a village, —plenty of wine—drink—march—eat—keep it up : plenty of gold and diamonds to-morrow.

Soldiers. Huzza! huzza !

First Sol. Is there any shoes?—for half the regiment are barefoot.

Serj. Plenty, my boys, and if they fail, we'll unshoe the Friars, I have orders already to unhouse them !

Second Sol. And what's to be done with the Nuns?

Serj. What a stupid question, why do as we have done, make mothers of the young, and nurses of the old.

Third Sol. I think we had better keep them to make shirts, for there is not half a one a-piece for the whole army.

Serj. Don't fear that, damn me, we'll sweat

them ; there's plenty of John Bull's cloth, we'll have breeches, as well as shirts, and, for once in our lives, a good coat to our backs.

Second Sol. I like that, I'll change my German tick for English broad-cloth.

First Sol. Yes, our German tick has lost all its credit.

Serj. Ay, but we paid for that ; now, my boys, we'll have all on pure tick—we shall scarce have the honor of killing a few thousands for payment.

Enter Soldiers, with cans of wine, (hallowing.)

First Sol. Here it is, damn'd hard work to get it—the rascally owner wanted payment : finding he was obstinate, I chopped off one of his ears ; he ran away like a dog with a kettle at his tail : so now you had better go to the casks and drink your belly's full.

Soldiers. Bravo ! bravo !

Enter other Soldiers, with loaves of bread.

Sol. Clear away there, bread, boys, bread, you shall have more presently, for I have rammed the saucy baker into his oven. John Futre, he snatched up a knife to hinder me from taking it, when I told him it was on the Emperor's account. 'Emperor,' says he, 'I'll trust no Emperor !' So I knocked him down, and as he made a great noise, bundled him into his oven, and by the time the other division arrives, they may have a baked baker for supper !

Omnes. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Enter other Soldiers, (singing Ciara, march on) ; one Soldier with a basket of eggs, some with dead fowls.

Sol. Here, my boys, I have just saved an old woman the trouble of going to market, I have pur-

chased all her stock, and told her to carry her account to the Emperor; she blubbered most preciously; I would have made her amends by kissing her buxom daughter, but the baggage jumped out of window like a cat, and ran faster than the devil himself.

Serj. O never mind one girl, we'll have plenty, we'll mend the breed, my boys—hey, boy, you have some fowls.

Sol. Yes, as the old woman cried so much for her eggs, her hens began to cry too; so, to quiet the matter, I wrang half a dozen of their necks—the damn'd cock flew to the top of the barn, and made more noise than all the rest, so I shot him off his perch, but fired the roof,—so the rest will be over-roasted.

[*One of the Soldiers begins to eat the eggs raw!*

Serj. What the devil, do you eat the eggs raw?

First Sol. Ay, and glad to catch them!

Second Sol. Portuguese raw eggs are better than Polish raw horse-flesh; for my part, I'll try a fowl à la brute. [Drum beats--trumpet sounds.

Serj. March! march, my boys, haste away, to-morrow you shall have gold, diamonds, shoes, clothes, fiddles and fun, Friars' houses, Lords' beds, and pretty Nuns. [Exit *Serjeant and Troops.*

Enter BELMONT, (from behind.)

Belm. How my poor heart bounds with exultation, to think my dear England is a stranger to these calamities: could but the unsatisfied over-weaning minds of those men, who, amidst every blessing heaven bestows,—who, with angelic security, retire to their rests,—see but these, would they not blush?—I blush to think there is an Englishman who does not daily pray— heaven's vengeance on them!—(Noise of more

approaching)—More approach, already three thousand have past.

[*Belmont retires to one side, seats himself as a beggar, and thrums his guitar.*]

Enter Officers and Soldiers.

First Officer. March, lads! to-morrow you shall roll in luxury, we'll dine with Princes.

Second Officer. Damn me, if I believed in a devil, I should think the Priests and Friars had conjured him to raise this hell-fired storm.

Third Officer. The devil should favour his friends, but we'll soon unhouse them.

Second Officer. And unbed them too.

First Officer. And if wanted, uncloak them too!

Third Officer. That is as it should be---a Friar's cloak covers a multitude of sins!

First Officer. O you take the cloak then!

Omnes. Ah! ah! ah!

Second Officer. I hope there is plenty of British boots!

First Officer. For why British?

Second Officer. Because their boots are like themselves---don't drink water, and water is a damn'd enemy to bawdy feet.

Third Officer. Well, for once in your life, you have spoken feelingly; for myself, I mean to have a full wardrobe!

First Officer. And I a double one! for as we have no more British store-houses to clear after this, I shall provide liberally.

Second Officer. O yes, my lad, we'll finish here, and then lie to the head stores—England! there, my lads! there will be pickings!

First Officer. God deliver me from such pickings, we shall be properly provided for there!—clothed for eternity!

Third Officer. Yes, that is not the land of Friars and pretty Nuns.

Second Officer. But plenty of pretty women !

First Officer. Ay, and damn'd angry ones too ; by God, I do not think there is a dozen but would jump into breeches and fight like devils, at the sound of invasion.

Second Officer. Yes, the English ladies have a great penchant for the breeches !

Omnes. Ha ! ha ! ha !

First Officer. And their husbands are remarkable for horns.

Omnes. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Third Officer. And as savage as bulls in a cow-meadow ; therefore, from British grass defend our feet, from their fierce beauties, and their God-damn'd fleet.—(*Drum beats to arms*)—Allons ! Allons !

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter, stragglingly, Soldiers, (lame, fatigued,) &c.—(one, in an English uniform, seats himself near Belmont, in a desponding manner; Belmont plays and watches him.)

Bel. Excuse me, soldier, you look extremely fatigued, will you drink with a poor old man, I have a little wine in my flask,—you are as welcome as day to it.

Swartz. Poor old man, I thank you heartily,—indeed I want it ; I have a miserable crust in my pocket uneat, because my parched mouth could no longer do its office.

Bel. If my years do not deceive me, you have seen better times, you surely are not a Frenchman ?

Swart. Neither in birth nor principles,---but, O misery, I am a French soldier ! (*weeps*) excuse my scalding tears,—ah ! how many more has my poor family shed for me !

Bel. Have you a wife and children?

Swar. O God ! I have, and I fear in misery !

Bel. Where are they ?

Swar. I left them, in my once happy country, in Hanover ! O my poor country,—my home,—my once humble state of bliss !

Bel. Ah me, I feel for you as a brother, I drew my breath in a country that owns the same King, once yours ; the much loved father of his people : Heaven be praised, my birth-place is yet unsullied by the tramplings of your tyrant's feet.

Swar. And ever will, O gracious God, I hope !

Bel. Dare you follow me ?

Swar. To where ?

Bel. To blessed England !

Swar. That would be a blessing indeed.

Bel. Then follow me, I'll soon find you refreshment, soon protect your feet from the galling stones, and once more place you under the protection of our loyfully royal master.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.



SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Royal Palace.

Enter GERTRUDA and INNOCENCIA.

Inno. DEAR Lady, does not the time seem long to you ?

Ger. O very so ! these painful moments of anxiety are lengthened into hours, the hours into days.

Inno. Indeed, I never suffered so much :—the looks of distress in the Prince, which seem doubled in the eyes of the Princess, ever shedding tears ; and when the pretty prattling infants urge their questions of tenderness, I think I feel the world go round,—a painful giddiness ensues.

Ger. On every thing around us horror is stamped ! the awful silence of night, broke by such tremendous peals,—the vivid flash seems to dart through the very walls, with such cataracts of rain, as if preceding the chaos of nature, the admonitors of this world's dissolution.

Inno. And if not the world's ! I much fear our country's, our dear Prince's destruction !

Ger. And we, among the pile of ruins, all our fond hopes, our accounted scenes of joy, and charts of future bliss, by inexorable war o'erthrown, all

down,—prince, people, religion, by tyranny levelled to the dust!

Inno. My poor heart is near bursting with the thoughts!

Enter Attendant.

Atten. The Princess requests your attendance, Ladies?

Ger. We attend her Highness.

[*Excunt.*

==

SCENE II.

Princess's Apartment in the Royal Palace—PRINCESS CARLOTA, on a Sofa, (in a mournful attitude, dosing,)—Ladies in waiting.

Princess Carlota, (rising). Theresa, I pray you, what is the hour? I think the clocks have ceased to strike! yet why should they, they are insensible to grief?

Ther. It is on the point of four! will your Highness permit me present you coffee? indeed I fear this watching and grief will destroy my dear Princess.

Seli. Do, my dear Princess.

Princess Carlota. Dear Ladies, I feel your kind attentions, but I feel no appetite,—grief—dread—anxiety—my dear Prince---my dear little ones,---fill mind and body both!

Ther. and Seli. We intreat your Highness, try!

Princess Carlota. I will so! how long is it since the Prince was here?

Ther. 'Tis near two hours, your Highness.

Princess Carlota. Did the dreadful storm awake the children?

Ther. Towards the end Prince Pedro awoke, and awakened his brother; they were uneasy, and urged much to come to your Highness; fearing they would more disturb you, we quieted them to sleep again.

Princess Carlota. I am much indebted for your kindnesses; if I survive these scenes of distress, I'll try to thank you: 'tis near four o'clock, you say?

Ther. Near striking, your Highness.

[*Clock strikes four; the Princess, much agitated, seems fainting; Theresa and Selina support her.*

Ther. For Heaven's sake, your Highness, what alarms you thus?

Princess Carlota. O heaven! what a blow on my heart did the blow of that clock strike, it has made it bleed—Gracious heaven! it passed through me, as it were my dying knell; the solemn sound still trembles in my ears. O my country, my country, my dear husband, my Prince, my lovely little ones, my innocent children!—O Jesu! protect them! I faint, Theresa, lead me into the next apartment---send for the Prince.

[*Exeunt, Theresa and Selina supporting the Princess, and the other Ladies.*



SCENE III.

Apartments of the young Princes.

Enter PRINCE PEDRO, PRINCE MIGUEL, DONNA BELLAS, DONNA REDONDA, and Attendants.

Donna Bellas. My dear Princes, the storm is

Over, and it is only four o'clock, go again to rest—
you will disturb the Prince and Princess.

Prince Pedro. Donna Bellas, I cannot sleep, I am not easy; the thunder may come again, perhaps another earthquake,—and if not that, I know what I heard, the bad Frenchmen may come, and you know they want to rob my papa! and how can I sleep with thieves in the house!

Donna Redonda. Sweet soul! do not be afraid, papa has plenty of guards!

Prince Miguel. Ah, I wish I was big enough to be his guard too!

Prince Pedro. Why! what would you do!

Prince Miguel. I'd fight for him! [loud.

Prince Pedro. And I too, I'd die for him!

Prince Miguel. And so would I!

Donna Bellas. Good Princes, do not let your love for your royal papa lead you to disturb his rest.

Prince Pedro. No, no! Donna Bellas,—but why should my younger brother boast so much?

Prince Miguel. I only boasted how I love papa; though you are older, you cannot love him more.

Donna Bellas. Do not dispute, love equally your papa, and love one another.

Prince Pedro. Come, Miguel, will you fence for a gold piece? let us learn how to fight, perhaps hereafter we may have a crown to fight for.

Prince Miguel. I will fight for glory! the crown belongs to you!

Prince Pedro. And when I wear it, I'll prove your brother.

[*Exeunt and Attendants.*]

SCENE III.

Prince's Apartment in the Royal Palace.

Enter PRINCE REGENT and BISHOP of ELVAS.

Prince Regent. Good Elvas, you have much eased my heart, I dread the thought of offending Heaven! If it pleases Almighty God to chastise me for my salvation, a murmur shall not escape my lips; but for my people, my heart bleeds to think on them! O my country, my country, my poor people, Jesu! have mercy on them!

Bishop. That Omnipotent Power that created them, will, in the infinity of its goodness, still protect them against the enemies of all religion:—e'en Heaven itself, the impious enemies of Christ, whose godhead they deny—when the fulfilment of their crimes shall come, he will avenge their deeds!

Enter Attendant.

Attendant. Your Royal Highness, Don Almeida requests an audience. *[Exit Attendant.*

Prince Regent. Let him enter, *(faintly)*—Good Elvas, this shock of the enemy's approach, these terrible convulsions of nature, prey on my mind! sleep deserts me, some awful event appears approaching—this horrid war! O when will mankind cease to murder!

Bishop. May gracious God bless your Highness and your kingdoms with his holy spirit of peace.

Prince Regent. Amen! amen!

Enter ALMEIDA.

Almeida. Your Highness's most devoted servant.

Prince Regent. Almeida, I am happy to see you, for I feel a confidence in you,—would I could say as much by all my ministers.

Almeida. Your Highness, I am proudly happy that my poor endeavours to serve my Prince are pleasing to him.

Prince Regent. Almeida, an honest minister, who strives to serve and save his country, is a blessing to his Prince; but my forboding soul shrinks at some of my council.

Bish. Elvas. Can Lucifer so work on man, so drive his soul to perdition, as to sell his Prince,—his country?

Almeida, (warmly.) He can! he has, the fiend's at work, and forging the fetters for royalty, the manacles for their Prince, bartering the blood of thousands for bribes.

Prince Regent. Jesu! have mercy!—how have I deserved this!

Almeida. O my good Prince! do not think my duty too bold—do not think the heart of Almeida pleads for himself, proud of its loyalty; though certain of destruction, to save your Highness, it would be most happy to be the sacrifice.

Prince Regent. Alas, I fear there will be too many sacrifices! O that Almighty God would direct me how to avoid them!

Almeida. Most Gracious Prince, if in your sight I am your faithful servant, (*kneels*) let me thus intreat you, (*Prince raises him*)—flee from the tyrant's grasp, fly to your better kingdom, preserve your royal person, your royal line, bear away to safety your dear Princess and lovely offspring. Resistance here is fruitless, already the proud tyrant has desolated Europe's great extent,—your kingdom, staid

only from destruction by an abject loan, imposed with insolence, and demanded with threats.

Prince Regent. It is but too true.

Almeida. Your much approved and brave allies pour forth their conquering fleets to guide and guard you; e'en now, at your river's mouth, the British flags wave defiance to your enemies, and await your orders.

Prince Regent. Heaven return their kindness!—they are a brave and gallant nation.

Bish. Elvas. Permit, your Highness, one, who in his peaceful holy home, has with an anxious eye still followed the din of destructive war, humbly to speak his anxious heart's desires.

Prince Regent. Good Elvas, proceed, your age, your office, your duty to God demands it!

Bish. Elvas. Since first rebellion, with the loss of all order, all humanity, all religion, began its giant hellish strides in France, has the Almighty, for purposes beyond man's penetration, suffered it to overthrow and consume whichever way the monster has turned—Royalty. Kingdoms have been its constant food, the foundations of ages annihilated,—all respect, all duty to God set at defiance, by the hell-born act of denying—a God's existence! horrid thought! devils themselves would tremble to think on it: how then, your Highness, can you stem the monster's way? I intreat you to remember the religion of your fathers, Europe is plunging into infidelity, haste to your noble empire of the Brazils, and save your royal person, your dear family, your friends and religion, from the tyrant's grasp.

Prince Regent. O my heart! my poor deranged mother! to remove her!

Bish. Elvas. Better remove her, than doubly

derange her, by torturing her royal eyes with the brutal plunder of her Palace,—with the savage seizure of the holy plate from the churches,—with the agony of seeing the blessed sacred chalice made a Bacchanalian banquet cup for murderers.

Enter ATTENDANT, (hastily.)

Attendant. Your Royal Highness, the Princess Carlota is suddenly taken extremely ill, and intreats to see you instantly.

Prince. O God! where will this end,—I come! I come! Almeida, Elvas, attend the council, I will follow with all speed.

[*Exit Prince Regent and Attendant.*

Alm. Heaven's blessings on you, Bishop, for thus urging the Prince's departure, I much fear the French faction in the council will delay him until too late.

Enter an ATTENDANT.

Attendant. Don Almeida, a messenger with a letter, which he will deliver to no one else, waits at your office.

Alm. I thank you, I'll be there instantly.—Come, Bishop, it may be news.

Bish. I hope good!

[*Exit Almeida and Elvas.*

—

SCENE IV.

Apartments of Almeida.

Enter ALMEIDA and ELVAS.

Alm. (with a letter.) It is from my Secretary, depend on it as gospel, (*reads*)—

“ Two hours before dark, I met the advanced
 “ guard three leagues from Abrantes ; I followed
 “ on, and counted upwards of three thousand troops,
 “ all infantry, in a most wretched condition, shoeless,
 “ shirtless, coatless ; yet they brave all elements,
 “ march more like a rabble than soldiers, but they
 “ are savages in looks and deeds : (more of this on
 “ my return). The artillery, I learn, are five leagues
 “ behind ; the cavalry following ; the whole amount
 “ near eighteen thousand men. In a few minutes I
 “ horse to Agua Bellas, there they halt for an hour
 “ and an half, which, repeated four times in a day
 “ and night, is all their rest ; numbers have perished
 “ on their march, from the rains, &c. In six hours
 “ from this, heaven permitting, I shall wait on your
 “ Excellency with all possible particulars.

“ Your obedient Servant,
 “ BELMONT.”

There, Elvas, see how near the troops are to the capital, and yet, two hours ago only ! Aranja swore at the council they were not within three weeks' march, his couriers were continually on the watch, he knew for certain every movement they made. Elvas, Elvas, he is an atrocious villain !

Bishop. Let us follow, until we persuade the Prince to embark, for if my mind deceives me not, the Prince is sold !

Alm. If I had a thousand lives, I would stake them all on the certainty.

Bishop. The Prince's fiat for departure will frustrate all—let us pursue.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Apartments of Aranja.

Enter ARANJA and ANADEA.

Aran. Thus far we gain ground, delay the Prince's decision until the troops arrive, and we have all secure,—and look (*shews a letter*), three thousand were at Agua Bellas at two o'clock.

Ana. That is well! they are heroes indeed to brave such storms; would they were here, for the Bishop of Elvas has arrived, and had interviews with both the Prince and Princess; his holy rhetoric will all lead to the Brazils, for the lazy churchman knows his reign is nearly done here, and the stupid bigotry of the Prince may make him an archbishop there.

Aran. Damn them all! they do nought but eat, drink, sleep, and plan mischief.

Ana. The French troops shall soon rout them from their nests!

Aran. Have you placed stanch friends at the forts below?

Ana. I have, such as I would place my life in their hands.

Aran. I every minute expect a French officer, who comes with peaceful proposals to the Prince, to parly and delay him, until the security of the troops are certain.

Ana. That would answer well; that and securing the forts, fleet, Prince, and power, would be sure.

Aran. Ay—and a dukedom, a princely revenue, and uncontrouled power for us.

Ana. With a hatchet, rope, or guillotine, for our opposers and particular friends.

Aran. With a ship like a sieve, for the advocates for flying to the Brazils to sail for thence in.

Ana. O never fear, we'll find means of disposing of the English patriots.

Aran. And a ready means of disposing of British property.

Ana. In short, let us labour to delay the Prince, until sufficient troops arrive to secure the river; then our career commences, therefore let us return to the council, and keep our friends warm in the cause a day more, and all will be secure.

Aran. 'Tis well, I have another article on my mind I mentioned once before, that damn'd sly political churchman, the Nuncio, has been of late trebly attentive and officious to the Prince, and he holds a favorable position in the Princess's ear. If I am not much deceived, he is spurred on by the British government.

Ana. Or churchman-like, he knows a reformation would shake his power to its centre, his mum-mery and impositions would fall and be scouted, his splendid idleness, and swindling pomp, would tumble with his revenue; take away the profits, and the bugbear ceases. In my opinion, no politics—no nation—moves him; nought but the love of gain, the love of self.

Aran. Should that be the case and cause, yet he becomes a dangerous opposer, for he will, like a parrot, eternally chaunt—Brazil—Brazil! the land of faith, the land of piety, the pure sons of the church,—and urge every nerve to flatter the stupid bigot of a Prince, to be its head, its Prince, its saviour!

Ana. If so, let us stop his progress, I have stanch fellows for every purpose!—if he comes to the Palace again in three days, I'll forfeit my head!

Aran. I admire your spirit, but remember you have to deal with a churchman.

Ana. I have their match, come, let's to council.

[*Exeunt*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Apartment of the PRINCESS's Royal Palace.

*Enter PRINCE REGENT, leading PRINCESS,
—Attendants*

Prince. My dearest Carlota, the agony I feel at seeing you thus is too powerful to support,—my dearest angel, let me lead you to the fresh air, it will relieve your faintness.

Princess. My adored Prince, your affection doubles my calamities, it is the fear for you impedes my powers and strength, a thousand dreads, a thousand forms of a distracted imagination continually flow on my perturbed senses. Think how we've loved, think on our dear little ones; O Jesu! what thousands of endearments rush on my mind! Then think, O my beloved Prince, if my love does not shudder when I see the dangers that surround us.

Prince. My love for you! for my dear little ones! o'erflows my heart; my duty to a most good and deranged mother presses on my mind! and, O God! amidst these afflictions, I am accursed with a false conspiring ministry! surrounded by an impious conquering foe, that every hour threatens desolation to my country, and the downfall of my crown!

Princess. Dearest of men, do not think my weak fears urge me to advise ; my love, my unutterable love, emboldens me to plead, and urge your flight. O save those sweet pledges of our affection, those dear endearments of our mutual passion ! the sea alone can be our defence ! accept the offer of the brave British fleet, and haste to your better empire in safety.

Prince. O urge no further, I have my honour, my character—at stake ! shall I flee from the land my ancestors have so long been kings of ! shall I flee from my people ? shall I leave them to a plundering, murdering enemy, ungoverned, unprotected ?—better I rouse them up to arms and nobly conquer—or nobly fall.

Princess. If, my beloved Prince, I saw a probability of success, I would gird on your sword, and haste you to the battle ; cry, On, my noble Prince, to glory ; and follow on to cheer away the toil of arms, and lull your wearied frame to sleep in these fond embracers.

Prince. Alas ! I fear our numbers are too few for resistance.

Princess. By much, they are a horde of all nations, a goth-like banditti, savage and wild, whose numbers bid defiance to all around ; (weeps) and, O Jesu ! my eyes o'erflow with the thought ! their tyrant ruler sits on the throne from whence its royal owner was murdered, and who, by a timely flight, had saved his life—his family—his crown !

Prince. Unhappy martyr ! in silence let his virtues rest ; the time will come, when just heaven will punish his dethroners, and hurl its avenging vengeance on the blood-stained crew.

Enter *DONNA REDONDA*.

Red. Your Highnesses, Princes Pedro and Mi-

guel have so long importuned me to see you, I could no longer refuse begging the permission.

Prince. Let them come; poor fellows! the storm perhaps has alarmed them.

[*Exit Donna Redonda.*]

Enter PRINCES PEDRO and MIGUEL.—(*Prince Pedro runs to the Prince Regent, kneels and kisses his hand, then to the Princess Carlota; Prince Miguel does the same.*)

Pedro. O your Highness! I have been so affrighted with the noisy thunder, I thought another earthquake was coming!

Miguel. Yes, mama, we got up, but they would not let us come to you,—I thought I should be safe then.

Princess. I hope you have been good?

Pedro. That we have, mama,—for when they told us we should disturb you, we went to fence.

Miguel. Yes, mama, they said you were unwell, but I hope you are well again.

Prince. Good boys.

Pedro. O papa! Miguel fenced with me for a gold piece,—and I gained three hits, and he would not pay me when I won.

Miguel. Dear papa, as he is older, and taller, and stronger, than me,—should not he give me some odds?

Prince. Let your preceptor decide; but be friends, and I'll pay the piece.

Miguel. I would have paid him, papa! but, because I did not at first, Pedro said I was like a Frenchman! I don't like to be called so, I am no rogue—though they are.

Pedro. No, papa! when he refused to keep his word, I told him, if he was not my brother, I would

serve him as I would a Frenchman—thrash him,—
(*to Princess Carlota*) indeed, mama, that was all.

Princess. Come ! come ! no jarring, there is a gold piece for each of you (*gives money*); try which of you can do most good with it, and then I shall love you more, if possible.

Pedro. I'll divide mine into sixty-four testoons, and make sixty-four poor people happy.

Miguel. And I'll send mine to the prison, to give some poor wretch his liberty !

Prince. Let me know when this is done, and I will give you more ; away to your tasks and preceptors.

Pedro. } *Miguel.* } Your Highness, we obey !

[*They kneel and kiss hands.*]

Pedro. I am so happy to see papa and mama well, that I shall be merry all day.

Miguel. And I, papa and mama, will leap for joy ! [*Exit leaping and jumping.*]

Princess. Dear innocents !

Prince. I hope their jealousy may never lessen their love for each other !

Princess. Never ! as they advance in years, their stronger reason will discriminate their emulations, it now spurns them to assiduity in their studies, and leads them to the love and practice of virtues.

Prince. Indeed, my dear Carlota, their appropriation of their little riches, though divided, both tended to so good a purpose, that I was blest to hear their humanity.

Enter Attendant.

Atten. Your Royal Highness, Don Aranja intreats your presence at the council, all awaits for your Royal Highness.

Prince. We come on the moment.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Princess. O think, my dear Prince, on what surrounds you, think on the empire that awaits your royal command ! think on yourself ! your safety.

Prince. Sad conflicting thoughts, the struggle between my love and honor rends my bosom and my brain ! the vital stream rushes with maddening force from heart to head, and repulsed from head to heart, whose over-charged nature threatens to burst ! O God defend me ! my brain grows giddy with the surrounding scene !

Princess. My dear Prince ! do not go to the council, send your commands,—retire to rest !—come, my dear angel, let me charm your agitated soul to blissful sleep---were it only for a little hour.

Prince. Excellent angel, my word is past ! I will attend the council, and as soon as public safety permits, return and taste happiness with you, to your apartment, my love ! my honour takes me from you, but shall not separate us long,---sweet love, adieu !

[*Exit Prince.*]

Princess. Choirs of angels attend you !

[*Exit Princess and Attendants.*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the House of Baron Bramcamp.

Enter EUGENIA and MARGARIDA ; (Eugenia with a Guitar.)

Eug. Margarida, put away the guitar, my heart is too full to give the wires utterance.

Mar. But why, dear lady, so despond, it is only three days since he was here.

Eug. To me, that is three ages!

Mar. Gentle lady, remember, this melancholy may awaken the suspicions of your father.

Eug. Very true! very true! but I have not learned enough of the world, to use deception, and I am afraid my affection for that dear amiable man will sooner distract me than teach me how to mask my love!

Mar. Your love should teach you that! remember the difference of your fortunes, your rank and situation.

Eug. Hold! hold your horrid words! accursed be the gold that makes a distinction,--my father's title was purchased; but no gold! no titles! can equal my beloved Belmont; had I the Prince's possessions, I would give all for such a heart as his—for the loftiest noble of the kingdom has not half his honour,--he plumes above them all.

Mar. I believe him so! but your papa will pay little attention to his heart or his honor, while he wants estates and titles.

Eug. There springs my unhappiness. O parents! parents! what tyranny do you use, to dispose of your children's hearts.

Enter a Servant with a letter, looking back cautiously, and looking significantly at Margarida, puts his finger on his lips, gives the letter, and exit.

Mar. (opens the cover, gives Eugenia the enclosed letter) Here, my dear lady, the cover is only for me, yours is the dear contents.

Eug. (kisses the letter) It is my dear Belmont's! O blessings on him! (reads)—

“ Beloved Angel !

“ My duty, on the instant, hurried me from Lis-
 “ bon, I had no safe conveyance to inform you of my
 “ departure. Dear Eugenia, since I tasted of bliss in
 “ your company last, my eyes have been a stranger to
 “ sleep ; this blest opportunity I snatch from the ex-
 “ tremity of attendance on the council ; in an hour
 “ more, I will fly to our dear appointed spot, and if
 “ the joy of seeing you will permit me utterance, I
 “ will tell you where I have been, what I have seen,
 “ and in what imminent danger the country and we
 “ are in; do not alarm yourself, but believe me, while
 “ existence lasts, I am all yours ever adoring,

“ BELMONT.”

Mar. There, my lady, how sweet, how balsamic.

Eug. Would his dear pen had all been dipt in
 balm ! that tincture of rue leaves a convulsion in
 my bosom ! O Margarida ! how oft has my dear di-
 vining angel, when we have sat beneath the bloom-
 ing orange-tree boughs, exchanging our true loves’
 mutual vows, drawn on the marble plain, his pencil
 a rose’s stem ! these coming times !—for when the full
 swell of mutual love has opened a port for fear, how
 has he softened down our fortunes, how calmed my
 father’s rage ; but last and most upon his mind was,
 war ! all else, he smiled upon, and kissing with rap-
 ture my hand, would exclaim,—this must be mine !

Mar. Indeed, of late, I have wondered much at
 his constant expression of this country’s danger.

Eug. ’Tis ever on his tongue, and well I re-
 member once, as it were but yesterday, while my
 attentive eye marked his dear tracing of its direful
 way ; he agitated arose, and with eyes and hands
 uplift to heaven, exclaimed, That battle gained, this
 country is lost for ever !—then gazing on me with
 angelic tenderness, pressed a salute, while his big
 tear, unheeded, fell upon my bosom !

Enter Servant.

Ser. Senhora de Castello, presents her compliments, and wishes to see you, my lady.

Eug. Shew her in. (*exit Servant.*) Now we shall have news !

Enter JULIANA.

Jul. My dearest Eugenia, I so long to see you, I have so much to tell you, such strange events, I scarce know where I am.

Eug. What ! has the Marquis forgot his love for you ?

Jul. O for goodness sake, do not mention the Marquis and love together.

Eug. Why, I thought the Marquis was on the point of leading you to the hymenial altar, and sure he would not do that without making love to you !

Jul. Indeed but he would, for as papa and he were the principal planners and negociators, I am only considered as an attendant,—necessary, like the sealing-wax, to the marriage articles.

Eug. I wonder at your spirits, the thoughts of such a marriage makes me shudder.

Jul. Lor ! my dear, it is very fashionable, true nobility ; and, as I have the misfortune to be born noble, and fashionably educated, why papa, of course, sends me among the herd very politely.

Eug. O Juliana, what an expression ! the name of herd immediately gives the idea of horns.

Jul. Well, and don't you think, by such a marriage, if the wife has not got a great—great deal of virtue, there is some danger of such things ?

Eug. I really must allow we have too many examples to doubt it.

Jul. Aye, aye, Eugenia, I observe a lady of fashion never has love made to her until she is married.

Eug. Yet, Juliana, what a crowd of courtiers have I seen follow you on a court-day.

Jul. Yes, to talk ridiculous nonsense, make observations that a child should blush at, embellished with fulsome flattery and falsehoods ; no, no, Eugenia, I would prefer one letter such as your dear Belmont writes, and such a man, though placed in a cottage, to all the palaces and all the nobility together.

Eug. Then, my dear friend, I most sincerely wish fortune may throw in your way his counterpart. But what is the news you have ?

Jul. O horrid ! the French troops are within two days' march : papa told me the Prince and Council had been debating all night whether the Prince and Court should fly to the Brazils. He then told me not to be alarmed ; that if the Prince went, he should follow ; and desired me to pack my jewels and apparel ready.

Eug. Is it possible ! O my foreboding heart, my dear Belmont !

Jul. Aye, dear Belmont, when did you see him.

Eug. Not for these three days ; but I have just received a letter from him : come, come, to the summer-house, at the end of the garden, I will shew it you, and tell you more ; I fear my papa coming on us here.

Jul. I wish your papa would go with the Prince, we still should be together.

Eug. That he will not, depend on it ; the Prince, refusing to make him a Count, has separated them, and from thence will spring my misery.—Come, come away.

Jul. The men mock us for our attachment to baubles, trinkets, and ornaments, but what are their titles ?—ridiculous ! ha ! ha ! ha !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment at Don Almeida's, as a Secretary's Office.

Enter BELMONT, (pulling out his watch.)

Belm. Now for dispatch ! in half an hour more, my dear Eugenia ! [Sorting the papers, &c.]

Enter ALMEIDA.

Alm. Why Belmont ! you will kill yourself ! I expected you were gone to rest.

Belm. Your Excellency, nature seems to double her benefits, to suit the circumstances ; indeed, I am as unwearied as if just from repose, and await your commands.

Alm. Have you dispatched the order for spiking the guns at the lower forts.

Belm. I have, your Excellency, sent Captain de Silva with a company, to execute your commands.

Alm. To the shipping also.

Belm. Your Excellency, they now are under weigh for the front of Belem.

Alm. Order the whole of the Attendants of the Palace to be in waiting, and all the carriages ready, with porters, guards, &c., for I am much in hopes the Prince will, before he leaves the council, determine to leave Lisbon.

Belm. Your Excellency ! I will attend your commands.

Alm. Should it so be determined, Belmont, would you rather return to your native England, or accompany me with the Prince, to the Brazils ?

Belm. Your Excellency, your bounty has made me most happy ! my gratitude, I fain would say

love, binds me to your service ! While my poor efforts can be of service, and your permitting, I wish to attend you.

Alm. Belmont, the service you have done for the Prince and myself, I have fully made his Highness acquainted with : whichever way you go, honour and reward shall attend you ! But, I believe, Belmont, you have a stronger attachment for another than myself ! Nay, nay, do not be ashamed, your situation and self would not disgrace Bramcamp's family : if your affections are mutual, act like a man, marry and take her with you ; it will be an honorable theft !—My carriages are at your orders.

Belm. Your Excellency, I am overwhelmed with shame ! Indeed, my life without Eugenia would be misery ! I have related to your Excellency how, as an artist, her father first presented me to her ; love, on the instant flew through me ! it has grown mutually ! unceasingly ! But I have no estate, no title, to ask her father for such a blessing as she is !

Alm. Dispatch those orders, and what else you see fit—then haste to Eugenia, and tell her from me you shall have titles and estates too, if she will marry you—my house her home, and I will be her father.

[*Exit Almeida.*

Belm. Am I awake ! the world runs round, I am giddy with astonishment ! my love fully known ! my love approved of ! fortune's full cornucopia poured on me—O bliss unspeakable ! my love ! my Eugenia ! now thou art mine !

Enter a Servant with a packet of letters.

’Tis well, follow me. [*Exit Belmont and Servant.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.



SCENE I.

A Room in a Country Farm-house — Number of FRENCH OFFICERS, sitting at a table ; Wine, &c.

1st Officer. THIS wine is cursed stuff, I hope the eating will be better.

2d Officer. It is bad enough, to be sure ; but remember, these poor devils send all their best wine to Lisbon for sale, drinking only the unsaleable.

3d Officer. Then haste to Lisbon, there we shall find John Bull's collections ; and he's a connoisseur in wine.

1st Officer. O damn John Bull ! I am afraid he and his wine have tripped to sea, as the only place of safety he has.

3d Officer. Then I hope he will go to the bottom !

1st Officer. Good ! to make negus of the Atlantic !

2d Officer. If so, damn me ! our troops should drink it dry, and we'd add another quarter of the world to our conquests.

4th Officer. Very pretty moonshine ! but what is to eat ? and when is it coming ?

2d Officer. I have set half a dozen cooks to work, and placed an embargo on the breakfast of the family.

1st Officer. What the devil is that ?

2d Officer. Some cold buccalao from yesterday, warmed up with garlic, onions, lamp-oil, and sour wine.

1st Officer. A mess for the devil ! what else ?

2d Officer. Some turnip-tops in full blossom, at least a yard long, mellowed with rusty bacon and garlic, to enhance the flavour ; also some rich soup, made with horse-beans, oil, and wine.

1st Officer. What brutes !

2d Officer. My dear comrade, how squeamish you grow ! remember Poland train-oil and bran, with stakes from a dragooner that perished for food !

3d Officer. I dare swear you have something better than you have told us of, to eat.

2d Officer. Well, I'll tell you ; the mistress of the house and her two daughters were so alarmed at our presence, that they fastened themselves in a closet from all communication ; therefore, I had no director but my eyes and ears, and with those I have procured eggs, bacon, fowls, rice, &c. ; now whet up your appetites, all will be ready in a few minutes !

Omnes. Bravo ! bravo ! Monsieur Caterer.

3d Officer. I hope you mean to kiss the mistress of the house, or her two daughters, for keeping so good a house.

2d Officer. By what I saw of the mother and daughter, they are such sweet mahogany beauties, that I shall pay most attention to eating ; for the lord knows when we shall eat again !

1st Officer. The best speculation I know of, is to kill as we go along.

3d Officer. What—jack-asses ?

1st Officer. No, none o' your kin, except geese ! I say, kill turkies, fowls, pigs, goats, all that's eatable.

3d Officer. And send their owners to the Emperor for payment.

Omnes. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Enter a Soldier, (as from cooking.)

Sol. Gentlemen, all's ready in the next room.

Omnes. Bravo ! allons ! allons ! [Exit omnes.

—

SCENE II.

An Alcove in the Garden of Bramcamp.

Enter EUGENIA and JULIANA, as walking in the Garden—MARGARIDA attending.

Jul. I declare, your flowers are so sweet, your garden so pretty, and yourself so engaging, that I pay no attention to time ; I shall stay all the morning e'er I think an hour past.

Eug. You are so complimentary, I do not know how to ascribe you ; believe me, I should be extremely happy if you would spend the day here ; now do stay and dine, and be assured I every moment expect my dear Belmont.

Jul. Now you remind me, I cannot for shame but go ; why should I, being not so fortunate, deprive you of the dear delightful pleasure you must enjoy in his dear company ?

Eug. Nay, if you praise him so much, you will make me jealous.

Jul. I am glad to hear you say so, for now I am sure you love him. [A clap of hands three times.

Eug. Belmont's signal ! O happy sound ! run, Margarida, run !

[Exit Margarida.—*Juliana withdraws to the garden.*

Eug. My dear *Juliana*, do not go ; Belmont will be happy to see you.

Jul. Yes, yes, away ! [she retires.

Enter BELMONT in a cloak. (*Eugenia runs to meet him ; they embrace.*)

Belm. My guardian angel !

Eug. My dearest Belmont !

Belm. How, my dear Eugenia, have you been since last my eyes thus drank delight ?

Eug. Your untold departure conjured up a thousand fears for your dear safety ! indeed, I was not well : your letter was a balsam to my aching heart, when I saw your safety.

Belm. O my adored Eugenia ! the dangers that surround us distract me ! think of my painful situation ; remember I am an Englishman ! should the Prince determine to retire to the Brazils, I cannot stay, unless in prison ! Should he stay here, my Secretary's place will be gone ; under the French influence—perhaps French government !—I shall be an outcast !

Eug. O God ! your painful story makes me miserable !

Belm. Indeed I am so ! oft have I flattered myself your papa might be reconciled, as I every day expected promotion : should the Prince retire, I feel a surety of it. But what will be promotion, honour, fortune, even empire ! without my loved, my lovely Eugenia !

Juliana (comes forward.) Then I'll tell you, nay don't be alarmed !

Belm. Pardon my surprise, gentle lady ! I thought we were alone.

Jul. No, no ; it is I am alone, and alone am I likely to be, unless you have a brother, and will recommend me to him, and he has more courage than yourself.

Belm. For what, gentle lady ?

Jul. To go where I wish, and take me with him ; be assured I would follow ! therefore, my advice is, pack up—set off—marry—set sail—and make love all the voyage !

Eug. For shame, you madcap !

Jul. Well then, do you stay in Lisbon ! and let me carry Belmont and the shame to the Brazils !

Eug. Consider my papa !

Belm. Would to heaven, he would follow the Prince !

Jul. What, to torment you more ? to find a stupid husband with a title, and order Eugenia to marry the dear animal ? Fly ! fly ! he may be angry at first, but when a grandpapa he will soften !

Eug. O you romp, for shame !

Jul. Dear sober steadiness ! But Belmont, I beg you answer me ; I am sold, to be married to the Marquis Valencia ; now tell me truly, do you think the Prince will go ? now don't be afraid of trusting a female with a secret !

Belm. On my honour, I think 'tis certain !

Jul. Then my papa goes ! and I go ---and heaven be praised, the Marquis stays behind ! don't you think he will ?

Belm. He seems firmly attached to the opposing faction.

Jul. He never pleased me before, sweet stupid coxcomb !

Eug. Then you will be happy, Juliana.

Jul. Only half way. Belmont, my dear, Eugenia has mentioned to me you have a brother, where is he, and may I ask what is he?

Belm. Noble lady, you honor me, he is an humble Lieutenant in the British navy; the last news I had of him, was after the battle of Trafalgar, in which he received a wound, not dangerous.

Jul. Poor gentleman! does he resemble you, Belmont?

Belm. He was, when last I saw him, taller and stouter, roughened by change of climate and the sea: in fact, he is a British officer, with the courage of a lion, and the heart of a lamb; with his hand ever in his pocket, to supply every applicant with what he has risked his life a thousand times for.

Jul. I understand you, Belmont, he is not quite so diplomatic as yourself: nevertheless, give me your hand!—there is mine! he is mine! I marry him by proxy! help me to find him, that he may take care I do not lose myself.

Eug. Why, Juliana, are you mad?

Jul. Yes, as a March hare! Pardon me, Eugenia, I have shewn you the way! Belmont, I wont own you as a brother, if you don't run away with Eugenia.

Belm. Would to God she would permit me!

Jul. Now look in her eyes, don't you see her consent starting in them? There! there! away, and settle how and when. [Juliana pushes them out.

Haste to the fragrant orange-grove,
And plan the means to pluck true-love.

(Calls Margarida) Margarida, give me a guitar, I must thrum some doleful ditty to make me merry.

Mar. (brings a guitar) It is in tune, I believe, my lady.

Jul. O no matter ! watch old dad ! remember the alcove,—the world well lost for love.

[*Exit Margarida.*]

Jul. (*plays on the guitar and sings :*)

Why what's the world and all its worth,

When we from love are tether?

Gold sinks again to parent earth,

And titles like a feather.

Ala ! ala ! alack, ala !

Cross'd in our love, each day is night,

Gay pleasure swells our sorrow,

No other joy can give delight,

But kisses that we borrow.

Ala ! ala ! alack, ala !

But if kind Hymen, with his torch,

Will seal our hearts together,

Our heaven is then, to go to church,

And kiss thro' every weather.

Ala ! ala ! alack, ala !

Enter MARGARIDA (hastily).

Mar. O heavens ! my lady, my master is coming.

Jul. (*throws down the guitar, runs to the alcove*).

Fly ! fly ! Belmont,—Bramcamp comes this way !

Belm. and *Eug.* Come forward,—O heavens, we are undone!—haste, Margarida, open the garden door. [*Exit Margarida.*]

Belm. (*throws his cloak over him, and seems to recollect something,—takes from his pocket a paper of artificial flowers*).—Dear Eugenia, accept these flowers, were they not extremely beautiful, I would not present you artificial articles.

Eug. O never mind ! fly ! fly ! adieu ! adieu !

[*Exit Belmont.*]

Jul. O most excellent ! should your papa have seen him departing, say he was a vender of artificial

flowers, you saw passing, and called,—these we have purchased.

Eug. I am so agitated, he will discover the truth, and I am ruined.

Jul. Courage!—courage!—here he comes.—(*Juliana plays with, and admires the flowers, talking to Eugenia*). Dear me, how remiss I was, not to purchase more of these beauties.

BRAMCAMP enters the *Alcove*,—(*Juliana rises, as much surprised to see Bramcamp; Eugenia rises, respectfully curtseying*).

Jul. (*curtseying*) O your Excellency! I ask pardon, you so surprised me! I hope I see you in better health than my dear Eugenia.

Bram. So! so! Senhora Castello.

Eug. Papa, you look unwell, and very serious, has any accident happened?

Bram. What man was that with you just now?

Eug. (*surprised*) With me, papa?

Jul. O your papa means the Italian flower-seller, the poor fellow in a cloak! O your Excellency, do but look at them, did you ever see any thing so natural, so beautiful,—who could imagine they were artificial?

Bram. Pha! pha! Italian trumpery, the flowers in the garden are much superior.

Eug. I am sorry they displease you, papa.

Jul. Lor! sir, flowers from the garden would not do for dancing, they would fall to pieces when we came to allemande and lead down!

Bram. Eugenia, I came to tell you I do not deem the city a safe place for you at present; therefore, pack up your apparel, and in an hour the coach will be ready to take you to Azambugia; your jewels give me, you may be robbed of them in the country, neither will you want them there.

Eug. Will the coach be here so soon, papa?

Bram. Yes, in an hour,—good morning, Senhora *Castello.*

[*Exit Bramcamp.*]

Jul. Old crabbed!!—pardon me, Eugenia.

Eug. O I am truly wretched.

Jul. Rouse up your spirits, come away to your chamber, I'll find a plan for you to run away.

Eug. O how can you think of it?

Jul. Follow good examples,—the Prince is going to do so. As for your jewels, give your papa the cases,—but keep the precious contents—they will awaken the eyes of love, should necessity make him sleepy: never! never! separate a lady from her diamonds.

Then haste, my dear, make no delay,
An hour in love soon flies away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in the House of Aranja.

Enter ARANJA and ANADEA.

Aran. Are you certain of such an order being sent?

Ana. As certain as I am of its being refused—mark this note:—(*reads*)

“ Your Excellency, judge of my surprise at Capt. deSilva's bringing an order to spike the guns at this fort,—it being so contrary to your instructions: I have refused the execution until your further orders in writing to your obedient Servant,

“ ANTONIO REGEZUDA.”

“ Saint Julians.”

Aran. That looks suspicious! did you observe the Prince when he left the council, how sullen he looked, how abrupt he departed, with this laconic reply,—I will send my determination?

Ana. I marked all, and much suspect some accident or traitor has furnished him with more than we wish he should know.

Aran. Well, well, a few hours more, and a fig for all, our masks will then be useless.

Ana. I think it will be prudent to send for Alorna, Friere, Novion; secure them, and their regiments; remain inactive; throw every bar in the way of his going, if possible, and secure our security!

Aran. It shall be done on the instant. I am extremely anxious for the arrival of this French General! he surely cannot be long! his arrival will amuse the Prince, and accelerate our purpose; he also brings the Emperor's signature for our advancement and rewards.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your Excellency, the Marquis Alorna requests an audience.

Aran. Shew him into the saloon, I'll see him immediately.—(*exit Servant*).—This is fortunate,—come, let us sound him. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I.

*The Secretary's Office at Almeida's.**Enter BELMONT.*

Belm. My God ! how happy I am to reach home in safety ! O my Eugenia, if we are discovered, what will be your fate, from a cruel father ? a convent is your doom ! O villainous love ! how cruelly unequal do you aim your arrows !

*Enter a Servant.**Ser.* Sir, a letter for you.*Belm.* Is the bearer waiting ?*Ser.* The instant he put it in my hand, he almost flew away.*Belm.* Very well.—(*exit Servant*).—The hand is a stranger's; (*opens the letter*)—from Juliana ! (*astonished, reads*) :

“ Dear Belmont,

“ I am your lovely Eugenia's secretary, for she is so
 “ distressed as to be unable to write : briefly know
 “ this—her father did not know, although he saw
 “ you ! we passed you off for the vender of those
 “ identical flowers you so fortunately brought. So

“ far happy! but her father imperiously and positively ordered Eugenia to be ready for the coach in an hour, to carry her to Azambugia; there is our unhappiness! were we certain the Prince would leave Lisbon, be assured we do not mean to be left behind. There is no time for your answer, your appearance would ruin all,—all my ingenuity shall be exerted to bring your dear Eugenia to what I think will be her heaven!—your arms! This, in purity of chastity, though manly expressed by a maid, who hopes, e'er long, to give you joy in person, being

“ Yours honorably,
“ JULIANA.”

Heaven be praised, what an escape! but how will my Eugenia escape. O love! O fortune, befriend me! (*a noise without*) Hey! what now!

Enter LEGORE (a French General), pushing back the Servants; seeing Belmont, he stops.

Belm. Sir, your dress should cover a gentleman,—for why this violence, what is your pleasure?

Legore. Your insolent fellows refused me all admittance; my business, sir, is of the utmost haste and consequence, I want immediately to see the prime minister, Don Aranja, and I must see the Prince.

Ser. Sir, I told him he was mistaken!

Belm. (in a passion) Away, sirs, hold your tongues! away, away, (*he pushes them out*).—Sir, I am sorry they have been so rude, but it is customary to send your name in for admittance.

Legore. Sir, I have the honor to come from the Emperor Napoleon,—General Legore, at your service, sir.

Belm. General, I have the honor to be his Ex-

cellency's secretary ; if you will favor me with your letters or papers, I will speak to him for your audience immediately.

Legore. The letter for the Prince I will deliver personally, the letter for Don Aranja is here, (*gives a letter*) ; it will explain who I am.

Belm. Sir, you appear fatigued, will you take some refreshment ?

Legore. Sir, I have no objection.

[*Belmont rings a bell.*]

Enter Servants.

Belm. Pay every attention ! and shew the honorable General into the dining-room, and provide instantly wine and refreshment. (*Exit one Servant*). General, I beg you will make free, call for your wishes, sans ceremonie ! Conduct the General.

Legore. Remember, sir, I am in haste to see the Prince.

Belm. Be assured, General, I will pay every attention to you ! his Excellency shall have your letter instantly ; (*exit Legore, attended.*)—By the lord harry, I will pay extreme attention to you.

[*Calls a Servant, who is waiting on business.*]

Ser. An officer or two, whom I do not know, and the red-faced Irish Captain.

Belm. Order the Irish Captain in, the rest I cannot answer to-day ; and immediately give orders to all the servants to be careful that the French General is not undeceived in this—it is not Don Aranja's house. Order Antonio to attend me, yourself attend the General in particular, cover the table with the strongest and richest wines.

Ser. Sir, I see the mistake, I will punctually attend him and your orders. [*Exit Servant.*]

Belm. This is fortunate indeed, a thought strikes me,—Captain O'Neil shall be a Colonel immediately.

Enter CAPTAIN O'NEIL.

Capt. Your most obedient humble servant, sir, at orders.

Belm. Yours, Captain O'Neil,---you want employment I think, sir?

Capt. Indeed I do, sir! if it was not for the ladies, O I should be idle eternally.

Belm. And the bottle, Captain! nay, nay, your blushes say so!

Capt. O sir! hard service makes me blush.

Belm. No matter, I have a commission for you! (*taps his shoulder*) you now are Major O'Neil; and to-day we'll call you Colonel O'Neil. I am going to introduce you to a French General, whom you must drink senseless.

Capt. O never fear that!

Belm. Do this as quick as possible, my servant shall attend you, to procure from his pocket some letters he has.

Capt. O don't trouble yourself! if it is in the cause of war, I can do that too!

Belm. (*goes to a drawer, and fetches a roleau of money*)—Captain, here are twenty pieces for a uniform; get me his papers, and a commission, with fifty more, awaits you! remember, this to ourselves!

Capt. Heaven reward you! shew me this French General, and in half an hour I'll set him under the table; and if he wont get drunk, I'll cut his *troat*, and do all the rest---as quiet as *tunder*.

Belm. Then come along, brave Colonel O'Neil.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Almeida's House.

Enter ALMEIDA and BELMONT.

Alm. (with papers in his hand) You astonish me ! what a fortunate, what a providential occurrence ! these will at once over-balance all objections ! Belmont, your presence of mind deserves a coronet ! the victory is yours, and that fire-faced Captain's commission is excellent !

Belm. Your Excellency over-rates my duty.

Alm. To convince you I do not, you shall attend me to the Prince, and he shall judge : set your guards on the General, and prepare to attend me to the Palace.

Belm. They are in attendance, as soon as the Captain downs with the General, I shall have notice.

Alm. Excellent ! manage as you see circumstances require, but by no means suffer him to leave the house.

Belm. Your Excellency, a serjeant's guard attends the General should he prove unquiet.

Alm. Extremely good ! come, come away to the Prince !

This bad ! good ! bad news will finish all !

And save the Prince, altho' this Country fall !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Princess's Apartment in the Palace.

*The PRINCE REGENT on a Sofa, sleeping—
ATTENDANTS.*

Enter *PRINCESS CARLOTA*, with Attendants—(she whispers to the Attendants, then comes forward to the Prince.)

Princess. Heavenly angels, pour your balmy blessings on him !

Prince. (awaking, and starting in a dream) O my Carlota, do not flee from me !

Princess. Dearest Prince, here I am.

Prince. (arising.) Ah me ! I was dreaming — how is the weather ?

Princess. O such a heavenly morning ! the unclouded expanse is pure azure all ! the mountains seem to glow with double ardour, kissing their wonted sun ; while every songster of the feathered choir loud strains his music throat to hail the elemental peace !—O come, my Prince, and catch the fragrance of the teeming orange-grove !

Prince. I am happy, dearest Carlota, to see you so pleased !

Princess. But how happy should I be, was your dear mind at ease ! that we together might enjoy this sweet day's delight ! gay o'er the bounding heath our fleetest steeds to guide ! or midst the forest's brake to level down the plumed game ! or on the Tagus golden stream, while the spread canvas staid zephyrs on their way, to see the silver scaly brood out-leap their bounds for joy !

Prince. Those joys we oft have known! alas, I fear their sweets to us again are far—far off!

Enter Attendant.

Atten. Your Royal Highness, Don Almeida requests an audience.

Prince. Shew him in. (*exit Attendant.*) At this hour! ah, Carlota! this is something more than usual.

Enter ALMEIDA.

Alm. Your Royal Highness's obedient servant—Pardon, your Highness, this continual disturbing your rest, but such a circumstance has transpired, that an instant is not to be lost.

Prince. Say on: O my Carlota! I dread the disclosure!

Alm. Your Highness, Providence, by a mistake of the French General who brought these papers, sent him to my Secretary's office, mistaking Almeida for Aranja; fortunately, before my servants explained the blunder, my Secretary interfered, and procured these papers, directed to Aranja. This General, with noisy insolence, demanded to see your Highness, and he has papers for you: my Secretary again shewed his judgment, and offered him refreshment; and I hope in a few minutes to lay before your Highness those papers, without the derogatory insolence of such a General.—These papers, your Highnesses, I shudder to look upon!

[*Presents the papers to the Prince—The Prince and Princess retire to the sofa to read the papers.*

Enter an Attendant, who whispers Almeida, and then exits.

Enter the BISHOP OF ELVAS, and PRINCES PEDRO and MIGUEL.

[*Almeida takes him on one side, and in dumb-show explains the contents of the papers—Bishop much agitated.*]

Prince (*comes forward extremely agitated.*) O Jesu ! for this thy mercy, this my providential escape ! a prostrate penitent, with a bleeding heart, uplifts his grateful thanks ! O Elvas ! Elvas ! thy penetrating fears are realised ! Look on these ! (*gives the Bishop papers*) I and my family are betrayed ! sold for a sacrifice !—Good Almeida, summon up thy approved judgment ! Say, what is to be done ?

Alm. Secure your person and family ! embark on board immediately ; haste to your noble empire of the Brazils ! the invincible British squadron, with a brave and gallant commander, awaits your orders.

Princess (*comes forward with the two Princes ; they kneel to the Prince.*) O my ever dear beloved Prince, thus, with less than one half of our dear little ones, thus I intreat you to haste away, and save us from the murderer's steel !

Prince (*raising the Princess.*) Arise ! arise ! my beloved Carlota ! my dear children ! it shall be so, we will go !

Princess. Gracious God be praised ! O my Prince ! [*She throws her arms about his neck ; each Prince takes his hand and kisses it.*]

Bishop. O all ye host of Heaven, see this ! and chaunt your hymns of joy !

Princess. Your Highness, this joy overcomes me ! Come, my dear boys, let us prepare to cross the troubled sea, to taste the calm of peace.

[*The Princess and Princes, with Bishop, retire to back scene.*]

Enter an Attendant, who presents papers to Almeida, and exits.

Alm. Your Highness, the papers of the French General. *[He presents papers to the Prince.]*

Prince. (opens the packet, reads ; then gives one to Almeida to read.) Look, Almeida, how villainously false ! how contrary to the secret agreement between my intended murderers---my most false ungrateful ministers !

Alm. Your Highness, remember they came from the Emperor Napoleon ! that they are French !

Prince. And this discovery was made by your Secretary ; what, the same that reconnoitred the French troops ?

Alm. The same, your Highness !

Prince. Of what country is he ? his name ?

Alm. An Englishman, his name Belmont.

Prince. Order him to be sent for.

Alm. Your Highness, he brought these papers, and attends.

Prince. 'Tis well, introduce him.

[Prince goes to the Princess and Bishop, shews them the papers---converses.]

Enter ALMEIDA with BELMONT.

Prince (comes forward, Belmont kneels---Prince presents his hand, Belmont kisses it.) Arise, young man ! I am much pleased with, and much indebted to your loyalty for me ; 'tis the brightest jewel of his crown, and the greatest blessing of your monarch ! to have such subjects !—I now create you a Captain of my personal guard ! (Prince beckons an Attendant, who brings an elegant sword ; the Prince takes it, and presents it to Belmont) and wear this for my sake ! I am sure you will nobly use it in my

cause! If you will accompany me, hereafter we will shew you more of our intended bounty.

Princess (comes forward.) Permit me, my dear Prince, to add (*pulling a diamond ring from her finger*) this memento of future notice! (*presents the ring to Belmont*) ; and, your Highness, now as your officer, permit me claim Senhor Belmont as guard for my children, to see them on board.

Prince. Be it so.

Alm. Your Highness, Belmont is so well versed in embarkation, that better he superintend your particular concerns.

Prince. Let it be so : Belmont, we rely on you.

Belmont, (bowing.) Your Highness, I have no utterance, for I hope in action to express the gratitude I feel !

Princess. Then, Belmont, attend us. Your Highness, do not remain long away.

Prince. Only a few minutes.

[*Exeunt Princess Carlota, two Princes, Elvas, Belmont, and Attendants.*]

Almeida, let the council be immediately summoned ; I will attend it for the last time.

Alm. Your Highness, follow on your determination, but not as proceeding from these papers. When you embark, Aranja, Anadia, the phalanx of conspirators, will in compliment attend you ; when on board, keep them there for future trial and punishment. — If more and worse than now you know does not follow, my life is the forfeit !

Prince. Indeed, I dread it ! therefore act as you deem needful : I will be guided by you.

Alm. With Belmont's activity, all will quickly be ready for your Highness's embarking. His and my eyes shall be on them all !

Prince. Let him proceed ; he seems like Heaven's

guardian spirit to conduct me ! Tell him, when I land, he first shall feel our bounty : his noble nature shall have a noble title and estate !

From his bright worth I'll study how to know,
On whom 'tis fit a title to bestow !

[*Exeunt.*

—

SCENE IV.

A Waiting-Room at Almeida's.

Enter *EUGENIA* in a riding-dress, and *JULIANA* in a Cadet's uniform.

Jul. (to a servant.) Be careful to let Mr. Belmont know we wait to see him.

Ser. Certainly, sir. [Exit Servant.

Jul. Well, Eugenia, don't I make a very fine officer ?

Eug. You astonish me ! you make me dumb with surprise ! how could you know all this ?

Jul. O very easy ! good spirits, native activity, the love of observation, and an unceasing attention to the strange medley of human beings, has awakened my judgment : practice is only wanting—but you must acknowledge I carry my sword very stylishly for the first time.

Eug. Indeed you do ! I was much afraid you would as stylishly draw it on the poor drivers.

Jul. Indeed, I should have done it, had it not been for my ignorance in oaths ; and to draw one's sword without swearing, is so shockingly ungenteel !

Eug. I shall be very happy to see you again in petticoats.

Jul. (yawning.) And I shall be so happy to be in bed with you!

Eug. O fie! what with an officer?

Jul. Why, Eugenia, with a commission I shall be glad of the opportunity.

Eug. On my honour, you'll soon be married or mad!

Jul. While you are only mad to be married.

Eug. You certainly are deranged.

Jul. And you, from a run-away maid, wish to be changed.

Eug. What next will you make of me?

Jul. A wife, if Belmont comes,—and then!

Eug. O for goodness sake change the subject.

Jul. No, no! multiply the subject.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, Mr. Belmont desires your name.

Jul. Antonio Vasconcellas. — (*exit Servant.*)
(looks round) Dear Eugenia, step into this closet! now do oblige me.

Eug. As I owe my liberty to your management, I will do it. [*Eugenia enters the closet.*]

Enter BELMONT, in uniform.

Belm. Sir, I am sorry you have had to wait,— your desires, sir.

Jul. Sir, I have a sister, and myself, who wish to follow the Prince,—I am informed your order is requisite for our embarking; we request it, and as my father is intimate with Don Almeida, we much wish to go in the same ship.

Belm. Sir, I shall be happy to oblige you! that ship will be extremely full,—have you your commission? I will endorse it.

Jul. (*confused*) Confound the commission (*aside*).
Dear sir, extreme hurry has made me neglect it.

Belm. (*pulling papers from his pocket*) Then, sir, I cannot accommodate you, (*going*) excuse my hurry.

Jul. Stay! stay! sir, I have my commission.

[*She runs to the closet and brings Eugenia.*

Belm. My God! what do I see—Eugenia! O Eugenia! [They embrace.

Jul. Hold, sir, where is your commission? (*taps his shoulder*) What, not a word for Juliana!

Belm. Is it possible! come into my apartment, and you shall have a thousand news—a thousand good fortunes,—and your order to embark shall be myself,—on board direct, and then you are safe.

Jul. Yes! but have you a parson on board to marry?

Belm. Yes, and a priest to confess too.

Jul. But, believe me, I will confess to no one but yourself!—and that is, I long to see your brother, and if my humour lasts—to challenge him.

Belm. In that I can oblige you also, for, heavens be praised, he now is in the British fleet at the mouth of the river, waiting for the Prince; here is a letter from him. [Shews a letter.

Jul. (*catches the letter*) Give it me, (*kisses the letter*) precious paper! Belmont, excuse me, we will have no family secrets between us.—(*reads*)

Eug. O Belmont, I am so blest,—had you gone without me, I had broke my heart.

Belm. And had I sailed without you, I had had no heart.

Jul. Come, haste away! hearts and darts, I long to embark, and as your brother says, I long to get a broadside of him,—haste! haste away!

Eug. Mad! mad! for a certainty. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Open Street.

Enter ARANJA and ANADEA.

Aran. All is determined, all lost ! the men and cattle groan beneath the spoils ! Hercules himself would bend beneath the diamond load, and the proudest bark that beats the sea would sink beneath the golden stores.

Ana. Let us appear to join ! and wear smooth faces, squeeze out a parting tear, and groan a separating sigh ! They cannot carry all away, and perhaps yet may be detained

Aran. Curses on the British fleet, would they had foundered on their way !—it is them we have to fear.

Ana. For why ? the forts are full prepared to stop their entrance.

Aran. Pa ! pa ! Hell itself could not obstruct them, were its wide mouth to guard the passage. Their damn'd hot-headed Admiral, with his infernal crews, would dare the devil himself ! shew them a prize, they will set the world on fire to obtain it. To save a Prince, they would fire heaven and hell !

Ana. I see Alorna and Norion ! let us to them, they still may be of use. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Open Street.

Enter LOBATO, in a very gay dress; a star, and habit on; a very large cocked hat, gold button and hoop, tassels, &c. a very large Portuguezc cockade on the other side of his hat, large white cockades; with a banner, painted with the royal arms, in one hand, and a guitar: He sticks the banner in the ground, and plays on the guitar, and sings:

Away we go! and away we go!
 To cross the troubled sea!
 The learned world, most bright to show,
 The way from rogues to flee!
 With a pulle haul,
 And a pulle haul,
 Heave ho, heave ho,
 We go, we go, we go!

But if no rogue in the ship I find,
 I ne'er shall reach the shore!
 For we, poor fools, in steering blind,
 Of the sea know little more.
 Then with pulle haul,
 In a tempest squal,
 To the bottom ho!
 To the bottom we shall go!
 To the bottom we shall go!

Enter an OFFICER

Officer. Hey day, Senhor Lobato! what singing when leaving your country?

Lobato. Give me your hand, brother! why what a fool you must be, not to know our family inhabits every quarter of the globe, and every court of the Kings in it.

Officer. Good Mr. Lobato, then you rank me as a fool.

Lobato. Yes, and a rank one too ; does not every courtier, think you, rejoice to get his place again ? and could not every fool see the Prince has taken away mine office these three months ?—and now I am reinstated ; therefore, brother fool, I sing !

Officer. Ay, Senhor Lobo ! then you can do a poor person a service.

Lobato. That I will, I'll give you a commission immediately ;—run ! run ! to the Palace ! there you shall see my liveried man yoking a poor scurvy cur dog to a minnikin chaise, which chaise is freighted with ropes, night-caps, and axes, as rewards for particular hand-shaking friends,—haste away—and haste him on ! for the wind blows honestly.

Officer. Yes, and who would be fool then ! no, run yourself.

Lobato. (*furiously*) Out ! out !—monster !—villain ! You would beg a place ! or a pension ! of me ! be ready to do a base villainous action to obtain it,---and your honesty disdains a fool's simple service. Out ! out, viper ! the court is full of such Janus-faced scoundrels !

[*Lobato drives him off with the banner.*

When full-blown knaves at court are priz'd,
The state soon feels their course,
And honest men, with uplift eycs,
Lament to see their Prince a horse.

[*He puts the banner-staff between his legs and hobbles off.*

SCENE VII. AND LAST.

Embarkation at Belem.—Great number of Carriages, Porters, Packages, Boatmen and Soldiers, all in a bustle.

Enter a number of *Ladies and Children; Officers, &c.* of every description; many weeping— Some of the royal household, with trunks, guarded, passing on to embark---Officers of the Court, Nobles, *Ladies, &c.*, attending the Prince; all silent --- The *PRINCE REGENT, PRINCESS CARLOTA*, two Princes, *PEDRO* and *MIGUEL*; three other Princesses, carried by *Ladies of bed-chamber*; also the Spanish Infanta, and the Prince's Mother (the late Queen), supported---follow *ALMEIDA, ARANJA, ANADEA, ALORNA, NOVION*, through files of *Soldiers*---NO MUSIC---all serious and solemn.

Prince. (piously and much agitated; Princess weeping) O Almighty God, although I leave my beloved people, to secure them a country to fly to, do not thou forsake them! in thy bountiful mercy, O protect and preserve them! (to the people) My loyal people! my heart is too full to tell you what I suffer on your account, and this afflicting parting! All that possibly can, follow me,---I will strive to be your father! Jesu pour his blessings on you all! Adieu! adieu!

[A solemn silence.—The Prince, Family and suite, move on, for embarking, to the ship seen in the back scene.



EPILOGUE.

TO BE SPOKEN BY JULIANA, IN UNIFORM.

LADIES, I'm come to plead, if not too bold ;
You know, dear gentlemen, I am no scold :
My author, poor man, when in his prison pent,
To write a play his imagination bent.
'Midst sorrow, tears, and pained misery's groans,
He fain would shew how true love makes her moans,
And me a compound of each separate ill,
Now begs me to enquire your dooming will !
But first he bids me plead his prison'd mind,
And hopes your beauty will to his faults be kind :
Poor simple man ! to think to please the ton,
By breeching me from hub and dad to run ;
To fire your fancies, tickle up a smile,—
No, 'tis like the road to church, the same old stile.
Ladies in small-clothes, heaven send us grace,
We meet as regular as meet a pretty face,
To hate the hub ! our daddies choose with care,
Is neither new ! to run away, not rare.
We, ladies, who the burthen must abide,
Of course expect our appetite's full tide ;
Or else, the Lord have mercy on the tool,
Unlik'd, unlov'd, he's certain crown'd a fool.
If any this deny—I will not stay to prove,
But I am sure they never were in love ;
Therefore give away, ye pretty Prattling beaux,
I'll draw my sword, and mow ye down by rows :
Of virtuous love you never knew the feel,
Like Neptune's gallant sons of flint and steel,

In whose warm hearts young cupid burns his flame,
True to the needle, in all climes the same.
In battle, or in storm, their love they feel,
And warm'd by beauty, dire destruction deal :
Then, ladies, give me leave, as learn'd, to say,
If love and war co-join, you run away,
More honor'd far to steal a marriage !
Than ride with horned spouse in carriage.
But if the fashion nays, I'll hold my tongue,
And tell my author to leave off his song ;
No more, impertinent ! to teach the ladies
How to flourish—dash !—and nurse grown babies ;
From his French prison-house now free,
To burn his blundering pen, and scribbling flee,
No more to talk of love ! or liberty !

FINIS.







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